SUNBEAMS.

A tiny thing—A fork.

A rocky place—The nursery.

The best time on record—Lunch time.

Current news—Table of tides in the almanac.

At the foot of his profession—The chiropodist.

A painful parting—With your tooth at the dentist's.

The highest approbation—Applause from the gallery.

People in search of a chiropodist usually walk as if they were corned.

Venice is overrun with blind men, although she is styled "mistress of the sea."

A fellow in Chicago who bit off half of a man's nose was bound over to keep the piece.

The world, without woman, would be a perfect blank—like a sheet of paper—not even ruled.—*Boston Gazette.*

A man's ambition is to be credited with some great feat, while a woman is only happy with small feet. And so we go.

"A teacher who will preserve order or break heads," is advertised for by a Kansas School Board.

He saw a negro smoking a new meerschaum. "Gracious!" he exclaimed; "why the pipe's coloring him."

Trapeze performers are desperate persons. They are bound to make a living if they have to swing for it.

"Would you like to be lynched?" asked an exasperated Missouri farmer of a horse-thief. "No, I'll be hanged if I do!" was the reply.

A fashionable young lady accidentally dropped one of her eyebrows in the opera box and greatly frightened her beau who, on seeing it, thought it was his moustache.

An agricultural paper tells "How to Dress a Hog." But what's the use of dressing a hog? It would ruin it's clothes before it had them on two hours.—*Norristown Herald.*

In Paris a certain Monsieur Kenard announces himself as "a public scribe, who digests accounts, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

Sunday-school teacher: "Which is the best, the wheat or the tares?" Master Hobbs: "The tares." Teacher: "Why?" Master Hobbs: "The wheat gets thrashed, but tares don't."

An Irishman, upon his arrival in the United States, noting the great number of military titles, exclaimed, "What a devil of a battle has been fought near here, where all the privates were kilt."

Japanese photographers charge only eighteen cents per dozen for good pictures, and they don't keep a man to twist your [illegible] give you a "pose."

Christopher Allen Mann, of Independence, Mo., has just celebrated his 107th birthday. This old Mann's long life is due to his temperance principles. He never went out to C. A. Mann.—*Free Press.*

Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman, whose cow had been killed: "But she didn't get out of the way when I rang the bell." "Faith, thin," said Pat, "ye didn't shtop whin she rang her bell, naythur."

A stingy husband threw all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always "gives them their own way." "Poor things," was her prompt reply, "it's all I have to give them!"

An out-of-town man, traveling in a Boston horse-car, pulled the bell strap vigorously and made the bell ring at each end. "What are you ringing at both ends for?" said the conductor. "Because I wish the thing to stop at both ends."

"Yes, mamma, I took three lumps of sugar out of the cupboard," says the little girl, contritely. "That was very naughty nd d but as you have confessed it, I shall forgive you. Go and sin no more." "Then give me the other lump—I only took two."

A young lady, hesitating for a word, in describing a rejected suitor. "He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but—" "Dogmatic," suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that; I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."

A little boy aked another, a few weeks ago, if he knew how to tell a good Christian. "No," replied the other; "how can I tell?" "I'll tell you," said the first. "Good Christians are fat, for the Bible says, 'He that putteth his trust in the Lord shall be made fat.'"—Proverbs, xxviii., 25.

An ingenious locksmith in this city has invented a new front door lock which by a clockwork arrangement becomes deaf to the entreaties of a latch key after twelve o'clock at night. Whenever you pass a house at two P. M. and see a man sleeping on the fence you may know his wife has purchased one on the sly.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

A parent, who claimed the right to educate his own children, sent the following communication to a school board in England recently: "Jentlemen: I am at a loss to know why the chool Bord oficer is so desirous to have my childer educated. It is my only wish to make them cholars. There is plenty of street Arabes to look after without annoying me so much. Yours, and so forth, The Jentleman Chool Bord."

There are three things that no man can keep—a point on a pencil, a pointed joke and appointment with the dentist. There are three things which all men borrow—postage stamps, cigarettes and car tickets. There are three things no woman can do—cross before a horse, hurry for a horse-car and understand the difference between ten minutes and half an hour.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Sunday-school teacher who was accustomed to giving her scholars a verse to learn each week varied her usage on Sunday by allotting to each of her scholars three names to commit to memory. One little five-year old boy, who had for his lessons the names "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego," when asked to repeat it on the following Sunday scratched his head, threw up his eyes and timidly replied, "Shake the bed, Make the bed, To bed we go."

THE WATER SPIDER.

The insects that frequent the water require predaceous animals to keep them within due limits as well as those that inhabit the earth; and the water-spider is one of the most remarkable upon whom that office is devolved. To this end her instinct instructs her to fabricate a kind of diving-bell in the bosom of that element. She usually selects still waters for this purpose. Her house is an oval cocoon, filled with air and lined with silk, from which the threads issue in every direction, and are fastened to the surrounding plants. In this cocoon, which is open below, she watches for her prey, and even appears to pass the winter, when she closes the opening. It is most commonly, yet not always, under water; but its inhabitant has filled it for her respiration, which enables her to live in it. She conveys the air to it in the following manner: She usually swims on her back, when her abdomen is enveloped in a bubble of air, and appears like a globe of quicksilver. With this she enters her cocoon, and displacing an equal mass of water, again ascends for a second lading, till she has sufficiently filled her house with it, so as to expel all water. How these little animals can envelop their abdomen with an air bubble, and retain it till they enter their cells, is still one of nature's mysteries that has not been explained. It is a wonderful provision which enables an animal that breathes the atmospheric air to fill her house with it under water, and by some secret art to clothe her body with air, as with a garment, which she can put off when it answers her purpose. This is a kind of attraction and repulsion that mocks all inquiries.

A PECULIAR BUT EFFECTIVE CURE.

Harry Stanley, a resident of Antioch, has suffered severely for a long time, with rheumatism, says the Antioch (Ohio) *Ledger*. From a strong, robust man he was reduced almost to a skeleton; the joints, especially the knees, were stiff and swollen, the cords and ligaments contracted, and the case was altogether a serious one. Some one of the butcher boys suggested to Stanley the idea of bathing in and drinking blood. He was taken to McMaster's slaughter-house and treated accordingly with astonishing results. Placed in position to receive the warm sunshine his limbs were bathed in warm blood fresh from the slaughtered animals; as soon as the blood was dried upon his legs they were wrapped in a fresh sheep's pelt, another being thrown across the back. He also drank freely of beef blood. In two days after commencing this treatment Stanley discarded the use of crutches, and is apparently a sound man. He has the full use of his limbs, the swelled joints are in a natural state, and he daily gains rapidly in strength. This is to us a new remedy, and, whether like results would follow in all cases of rheumatism, is a matter of conjecture, but it has accomplished wonders for Stanley.

REUNITED BROTHERS.

There was an affecting and dramatic scene at a wedding among colored people in Pittsburgh recently, when two brothers whom slavery had divided were suddenly brought together after long separation. They had been born in Maryland, and the planter whose property they were, becoming embarrassed in business, was obliged to part with some of his slaves, and the two boys were among those whom he sold. One of them was taken to Texas, the other to Virginia. They had grown to be men before the war came, and never expected to see each other again. After emancipation they both went North and engaged in business, but they never met. Each supposed the other to be dead. To this wedding went many colored people from the South and West, and among them the brothers. As they appeared to be strangers, some one introduced them. Before the day was over they discovered their relationship, and each had told the story of his life.

A NEW USE FOR WARTS.

Dr. Charles A. Seals, of New York, announces in the *Medical Record* that warts on the hand can be used with better results than small pieces of normal skin in skin grafting, in consequence of being easily separated, uninjured, into numerous cylindrical rods of great vascularity, and containing a large proportion of hypertrophied epithelium, which, when planted in healthy granulating tissue, readily adapt themselves to the new soil, receiving direct nourishment and quickly growing as starting points for a new and smooth epithelial covering. In one case, in which there had been complete destruction of all the skin on the dorsum of the foot, involving to a greater extent the deep cellular tissue, and where for several weeks no healing advanced, grafts of freshly removed warts from the patient's hand immediately started little islands of new tissue, which rapidly increased, until they coalesced and met the margins of the border skin, thereby completely covering the foot by firm, protecting integument.

According to recently published statistics there are more deaf mutes, idiots, and lunatics in Switzerland, in proportion to the population, and fewer of the blind, than other European country.

ONE OF GARIBALDI'S HEROES.

One by one the heroes of Garibaldi's South Italian campaigns are dropping away. From Alexandria, in Egypt, the news has just arrived of the death of Napoleone La Cecilia, the son of the celebrated man of letters and conspirator, John La Cecilia. Napoleone was still a young man, and, as such, remarkable for his fearlessness when he fought beside Garibaldi in Sicily, in Calabria, and on the famous "First of October," attracting on each occasion the attention of his companions in arms and superior officers, who foresaw in the youth one of Italy's coming glories. He distinguished himself in the Franco-German war, where, from a simple franc-tireur he rose to the rank of Colonel in Gen. Chanzy's army. He was decorated with the medal of military valor, and proposed three times for the order of the Legion of Honor. The Chevalier Nigra, Italian Ambassador at Paris, wrote from Bordeaux to Napoleone's father: "Your son is regarded at the Ministry of War as one of the most distinguished superior officers in the Army; he is already Colonel, and has been appointed for the Legion of Honor." The assault of Ablis, the defence of Chateaudun, the battle of Coulmiers, the retreat of Orleans, in which his regiment brought up the rear, the battle of Alencon, were among the occasions of brilliant service rendered to France by the young Napoleone La Cecilia. At Tours there was something like a national *festa* when, as commandant, he led in an entire squadron of Prussian Huzzars made prisoner by him at the assault of Ablis. He was Commandante de Place in Paris during the whirl of the Commune, and in its closing days he retook from the Versailles troops the Fort of Issy. He was unusually proficient in mathematics and the learned languages, and was not only Secretary of the Asiatic College of Naples, but also Professor of ancient geography and the Persian tongue in the same institution. "La Cecilia," says a fervent Italian friend, "was, so to speak, the *trait d'union* between Italy and France." He died in his forty-third year.

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

The heroine of the following remarkable story—but which comes on unimpeachable authority as perfectly true—says *Chamber's Journal*, was a young lady of thirteen or fourteen years. After a somewhat protracted illness she, to all appearance, died. The mother literally refused to believe it, although the doctors and the other inmates of the house saw no reason to doubt the fact. The funeral was arranged, the grave made, and the specified three days had come to an end. The mother had never left her daughter's body; she had tried every available means to restore her, but to no avail. As the hour approached for the ceremony to take place, she became more and more distracted, and more desperate in her efforts to convince herself that life still lingered. As a last resort, she went for some strong elixir, and taking out of her pocket a fruit-knife with two blades, one blade of gold, the other of silver — proceeded by continual working to force the gold blade between the teeth; when inserted, she poured a drop of the elixir on the blade, then another and another, and tried to make it enter the mouth; but it seemed only to trickle back again and down the chin. Still she persevered, becoming more desperate as the moments flew on to the hour, now so near, when her child was to be taken from her. At the very last, when she was beginning to dread the very worst, she thought she detected a slight spasm in the throat; and on close examination she became aware that the liquid was no longer returning, as it did at first. She continued the application, every moment feeling more excited and more joyfully hopeful. Presently the action of swallowing became more decided, she felt a feeble flutter at the heart, and before long the eyes gradually opened, and closed again; but the breathing became quietly regular, and the mother was satisfied that now no one would dispute the fact; so she called her household round her, and proved to them the joyful fact that her child was restored to her, and that no funeral procession would leave the house that day. Before long the child fully recovered. The fruit-knife, with its two blades, is to this day the most precious heirloom in the family possessions.

GEESE OR GOOSES.

The particular kind of a smoothing iron known among tailors as a goose, came near upsetting the reason of a bright young clerk and the proprietor of a Chicago tailoring establishment. The manager wanted two of the instruments mentioned, and so told the clerk; but, after the latter had sat for some time writing out the order, he looked up in a bewildered way, and asked:

"What would you call the plural of a tailor's goose?"

"Why geese is the plural of goose," said the manager.

"Well, you wouldn't have me write an order for two tailor's geese, would you?"

"That does not sound scarcely sensible in this connection," said the proprietor. "How would it do to say two tailor's gooses?"

The boy turned to the dictionary, and, shaking his head, remarked:

"Webster does not give any such plural as that to goose, and I won't."

The situation was growing serious, when the clerk suddenly fell to writing, with the exclamation:

"Now I'll fix it."

And the order which he soon handed to the head of the house to sign did fix it, for it read:

"Messrs. Brown & Co., Hardware Dealers, Fifth Avenue—Please send me a number-one tailor's goose, and—by the eternal—send me another just like it."

But further than this, the question of what the plural of a tailor's goose is has not yet been settled.

A HUNGARIAN "ROBBER KING."

The Hungarian papers announce the death, in the prison of Szamos Ujvar, of the celebrated bandit, Rosza Sandor, known in Hungary as the "robber King." He was born at Szejedin, in 1813; and both his father and grandfather were robbers by profession. His achievements, however, soon eclipsed those of his family, and he was admired as much as he was feared. The reckless courage with which he attacked the police, and even military escorts, on the high road in broad daylight, his generosity toward the poor, and his gallantry toward women, made him a sort of national hero. Some thirty years ago few people of the wealthier classes ventured to travel in Hungary without paying him tribute. His bands were well armed and organized, and the *szegeny legenyek* (poor fellow), as the bandits were called in those days, found many sympathizers and accomplices among the peasantry. He was first imprisoned in 1836, but escaped in the following year by the assistance of his mistress, a peasant woman named Kati, whose husband he had killed by blowing his brains out with a pistol. During the revolution of 1848, Rosza Sandor was pardoned by Kossuth, and he then organized a free corps, which did good service against the Government troops. After the suppression of the rising, Sandor resumed his former career. He did not again fall into the hands of the authorities until 1856, when he was betrayed by one of his companions, whom he shot as the soldiers were advancing to capture him. After a trial, which lasted three years, Sandor was sentenced to be hanged; but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He remained eight years in the fortress of Kufstein, and was then set at liberty in virtue of a general amnesty. But soon he resumed his old pursuits. In 1868 he attacked, with some of his companions, a railway train a Felegyhaza. The Government sent a body of troops, under Count Gedeon Raday, to capture him; and four years later he was again brought before the the criminal tribunal, together with a number of his accomplices, among whom were several magistrates and high civil functionaries. He was again sentenced to death, and the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. The prison to which he was then sent is the one in which he died.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

The *Scientific American* informs us the time when aerial navigation will be within the reach of man is near at hand. Mr. Breary, the Secretary of the British Aeronautical Society, delivered an interesting lecture on the subject at the Grimsby Mechanics' Institute, a short time ago. Having explained the rudiments of the science, and shown the progress it had made, he noted the singular fact that, although air is so much lighter than water is, it possesses the power of supporting bodies much heavier than itself, while water only supports bodies of about its equal weight.

"If a man could get sufficient surface," he says, "he could surely get sufficient machine power for propulsion."

Steam was at first thought out of the question, on account of the cumbrous method of generation; but now that it can be applied with but slight weight, it is hoped the question is very near solution.

"Many," Mr. Breary states, "are now working at the problem in secret, partly from fear of ridicule, partly from want of protection by patent."

He illustrated the different methods for flight by models. His bats swooped down upon the heads of the audience in quite a natural manner. The birds, too, rose and fell in graceful motion as they traversed the air from the platform to the end of the room, or swerving to the right or left, bobbed their beaks upon the side walls. One large model of an albatross came to grief upon a gas pendant, just as it was bending its flight into the regions of the upper air.

AGE OF CAR WHEELS.

The *Railway World* says that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company took out, in February, 1876, two pairs of 33-inch Pullman car wheels that had run, respectively, 110,008 and 159,312 miles, one of the wheels being still worth putting under a freight car. Of the 114 33-inch Pullman car wheels taken out in that month 29 had run over 70,000, 13 over 80,000 and 6 over 90,000 miles. The company has record also of one 33-inch wheel that had run 169,000 and another 178,000. The average mileage of all the 33-inch passenger car wheels (worn out) renewed during the first six months of 1878 was 73,760.

There has been much discussion in reference to the true meaning of the word "Chicago," and now comes a new writer, who declares authoritatively in a Western paper that the word means "gone," "absent" or "without." Forty-five years ago the place was called "Tuck Chicago," "Tuck," in the Indian dialect, meaning wood, and the two signifying "wood gone," or waste prairie. The writer says that when a boy he was thoroughly acquainted with the Indian language and that the above may be relied upon as correct.